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# RESINOL TANGLED TRAILS

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE Author of "A Man Four-Square,"
"Gunsight Pass," etc.
Copyright, 1993, by William MacLeod Raine

James Cumingham is rich and ruthless. He turns down the pies of a girl
who has a claim on him and kicks out
a man who says Cumingham owes him a
share on a busies deal. At a cowboy
carnival Wil Rose. a riding siri, is
thrown and nurt by Wildfre, a wild
brougho. This announcer calls out
Kirby Lane. who is a friend of "Wild
Rose" McLean. He tames Wildfre, and
learns of Rose's a sister's troubles. Rose,
the ring Cumingham is his uncle, says
who is a very busies. He famliy lave nothing to do with the famliy lave nothing to do with the famliy lirby then takes up the matter
with his two cousins, favored proteges of
James Cumingham, who demand to know
the name of the girl, which Lanes says
he will tell only to his unde. When he
grats to his uncie, a partment he finds the
man chloroformed, bound and dead. On
a fable is a giove, one he had seen on
Wild Rose. He takes it and makes his
eacase by the fire-secape, but is observed
by a reporter, who good-naturedly lets
him, pass after "Joshing" him. In his
retreat he roads newspaper reports which
doscribe the murderer as very like him.
Then Horlkswa, Cumingham's Japanese
valet, disappears, adding a new sensalion.
AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

### CHAPTER XI

The Coroper's Inquest TF KIRBY had been playing his own hand only he would have gone to the police and told them he was the man who had been seen leaving the Paradox Apartments by the fire-escape. But he could not do this without running the risk of implicating Wild Rose, Awkward questions would be fired at him that he could not answer. He decided not to run away from arrest, but not to surrender himself. If the police rounded him up he could not help it; to surrender himself. If the police rounded him up he could not help it: if they did not, so much the better.

He made two more attempts to see Wild Rose during the day, but he could not find her at home. When he at last did see her it was at the inquest, where he had gone to learn all that he could of the circumstances surrounding the charge again.

"Hardly. Not unless it was held with cxtreme awkwardness."

"In your judgment, then, the revolver was fired by a left-handed person?"

"That is my opinion."

The Coroner swelled like a turkey cook as he waved the attorney to take charge again.

"Rak."

One of the jury had. He was a dried-out wisp of a man wrinkled like a winter pippin. "Was your uncle engaged to be married at the time of his death?" he piped.

There was a mild sensation in the room. Curious eyes swept toward the graceful, slender form of a veiled woman sliting at the extreme left of the counter of the counter

There was a risk in attending. He recognized that. But he was moved by an imperative urge to find out all that was possible of the affair. The force that drove him was the need in his heart to exonerate his friend. Though he recognized the weight of evidence against ognized the weight of evidence against of the neck.

Lane's heart drummed fast. Lie did not look across the room toward the same field in the blue tailored suit. But he saw her, just as clearly as though his eyes had been fastened on her. The detail that stood out in his imagination was the right arm set in splints and resting in a linen sling suspended from the neck.

Lane's heart drummed fast. Lie did not look. But he seemed to him a gratuitous probe into the private affairs of the family. "I do not care to discuss that," he ambet he heat of the hand. The hot hand denotes warmth and quickness of emotion, and the cold hand the opposite of this, as has been shown in provious articles. It has also been exto exonerate his friend. Though he recognized the weight of evidence against her, he could not believe her guilty. Under tremendous provocation it might be in character for her to have shot his uncle in self-defense or while in extreme anger. But all his knowledge of her could be the cou uncie in self-defense or while in extreme anger. But all his knowledge of her cried out that she could never have chloroformed him, tied him up, then taken his life while he was helpless.

The was too fine and loyal to her code, too good a sportsman, far too tender-learted for many times and the same had been as a special for many times and the same had a special for many times and the same had been as a special for many times and the same had a special for many times and the same had been as a special for many times and the same had been a

too good a sportsman, far too tender-learted, for such a thing. Yet the evidence assaulted this conviction of his soul. If the Wild Rose in the dingy courtroom had been his riend of the outdoor spaces, he would have rejected as absurd the possibility that she had killed his uncle. But his heart sank when he looked at this wan-aced woman who came late and slipped aced woman who came late and support inconspicuously into a back seat, whose eyes avoided his, who was so plainly keyed up to a tremendously high pitch. She was dressed in a dark-blue tailored erge and a black sailor hat, beneath the rim of which the shadows on her

ace were dark. The room was jammed with people. Every nisle was packed, and hundreds were turned away. In the audience was scattering of fashionably dressed women, for it was possible the inquest

ight develop a sensation. The Coroner was a short, fat little nan with a highly developed sense of is importance. It was his hour, and a made the most of it. His methods vere his own. The young Assistant District Attorney lounging by the table

aved second fiddle.

The first witness developed the moveents of Cunnin ham during the evening

the twenty-third. had dined at the City Club, and had left there after dinner to go to his apartment. To a club member dining with him he had mentioned an appointment at his rooms with a lade

ment at his rooms with a lady.

A rustling wave of excitement swept the benches. Those who had come to seek sensations had found their first thrill. Kirby drew in his breath sharply. He leaned forward, not to miss a wave to be seek sense.

"He had one other nephew."

"Did he mention the name of the lady. Mr. Blanton?" asked the Coroner, washing the backs of his hands with

"Or his business with her?"
"No. But he seemed to be annoyed."
I think. Mr. Blanton also seemed to be an-noved. He had considered not mentioning this appointment, but his con-science would not let him hide it. None the less he resented the need of giving the public more scandal about a fellow club member who was dead. He fidded an explanation. "My feeling was that it was some business matter being forced on him. He had been at Colorado Springs during the day and probably and been unable to see the lady

'Did he say so?"

"No-o, not exactly."
"What did he say to give you that

"I don't recall his words." "Or the substance of them?"

I had the impression, very strongly. The Coroner reproved him tartly. "Please confine your testimony to facts and not to impressions, Mr. Blanton. Do you know at what time Mr. Cunningham left the City Club?"

"At 8:45."

Precisely?

"That will do." Exit Mr. Blanton from the chair and

rom the room, very promptly and very tagerly.

He was followed by a teller at the Rocky Mountain National Bank. He testified to only two facts—that he knew Cunningham and that the promoter had drawn \$2000 in bills on the day of his death.

A tenant at the Paradox Apartments was next called to the stand. The Assistant District Attorney examined him.

sistant District Attorney examined him.
He brought out only one fact of importance—that he had seen Cunningham enter the building at a few min-

utes before D o'clock.

The medical witnesses were introduced next. The police surgeon had reached the spartment at 10:30. The deceased had come to his death, in his judgment, from the effect of a bullet out of a .38 caliber revolver fired into his brain. He had been struck a blow on the head by some heavy instrument, but this in itself would probably not

have proved fatal. "How long do you think he had been

dead when you first saw him?"
"Less than an hour." Answering questions, the police surgeon gave the rechnical medical reasons upon which he based this opinion. He described

the wound.

The Coroner washed the backs of his bands with his palms. Observing resorters noticed that he did this whenever he intended taking the examination into his own hands.

"Did anything peculiar about the wound impress you?" he asked.

"Yes. The forchead of the deceased was nowder-marked."

was powder-marked." "Showing that the weapon had been fired close, to him?"

"Yes."
"Anything else?"

"One thing. The bullet slanted into the head toward the right."
"Where was the chair in which the deceased was scated? I mean in what part of the room."

Part of the room."

'Pushed close to the left-hand wall and parallel to it."

'Very close?"

"Touching it."

"Under the circumstances could the revolver have been fired so that the bullet could have taken the course it did it held in the right hand?"



"Had he ever threatened to cut you out of his will'

"Hardly. Not unless it was held

of the circumstances surrounding the charge again.

Lane's heart drummed fast. He did

The surgeon, taken by surprise, besi-ated. 'That's possible, certainly.' James Cunningham took the witness chair after the police officers who had arrived at the scene of the tragedy with the surgeon had finished their testimony. One point brought out by the officers was that in the search of the found. The oil broker gave information as to his uncle's affairs.

"You knew your uncle well?" the

awyer asked presently. 'Intimately. "And were on good terms with him?"
"The best."

"Never," answered the oil broker with emphasis. "He was the last man

in the world one would have associated "Did he own a revolver?" "No, not to my knowledge. He had an automatic.

'What caliber was it?'' "I'm not quite sure-about a .38, "When did you see it last?"
"I don't recollect."

The prosecuting attorney glauced at 'You are his next of kin?" "My brother and I are his nephews.

He had no nearer relatives."
"You are his only nephews—his only near relatives?"

"He had one other nephew."
"Living in Denver?"

"Where?"

"Somewhere in Wyoming, I think. We do not correspond."
"Do you know if he is there now?" The witness dodged. "He lives there

"Do you happen to know where he is The monosyllable fell reluctantly.

"In Denver."
"Not in this court-room?"

"Yes."
"What is the gentleman's name Mr. Cunningham?

"Kirby Lane."
"Wi'l you point him out?"
James did so.
The lawyer faced the crowded penches. "I'll ask Mr. Lane to step forward and take a seat near the front.

Kirby rose and came forward. "To your knowledge, Mr. Cunning-d, had your uncle any enemies?" had, asked the attorney, continuing his ex

"He was a man of positive opinions Necessarily there were people who did

not like him."
"Active enemies?" "In a business sense, yes."
"But not in a personal sense?" "I do not know of any. He may have had them. In going through his desk at the office I found a letter.

The fat little Coroner bustled forward, took the letter, and read it. He handed it to one of the jury. It was read and passed around. The letter

was the one the promoter had received from the Dry Valley rancher threatening his life if he ever appeared again in that part of the country.

"I notice that the letter is postmarked Denver." Cunningham suggested. "Whoever mailed it must have been in the city at the time."

"That's very important," the prosecuting attorney said. "Have you communicated the information to the police?"

"You do not know who wrote the letter?"
"I do not."

The Coroner put the tips of his fin-Nrs and thumbs together and balanced on the balls of his feet. "Do you hap-pen to know the name of the lady with whom your uncle had an appointment on the night of his death at his rooms?" "No," answered the witness curtly.
"When was the last time you saw the deceased alive?"

"Nothing whatever."
"Very good, Mr. Cunningham. You consulted a may be excused, if Mr. Johns is through with you, unless some member of the Hull next."

I uil came

sitting at the extreme left of the

Jack Conningham was called to the

stand. James had made an excellent witness. He was quiet, dignified, and yet forceful. Jack, on the other hand. was nervous and irritable. The first new point he developed was that on his last visit to the rooms of his uncle he had

What do you mean by trouble?" out of his will?

"Yes," came the answer, a bit culkily. "Why-if you care to tell?"

What is your business?"

you had any difference of opinion with you had any difference of opinion with your uncle?"

"That's my business," flared the witness. Then, just as swiftly as his irritation had come it vanished. He remembered that his uncle's passionate voice had risen high. No doubt people in the next apartments had heard him. It would be better to make a frank admission. "But I don't mind answering. I have."

"When?"

"The last time I went to his rooms two days before his death."
Significant looks passed from one

o another of the spectators.
'What was the subject of the quar-"I didn't say we had quarreled," was the sullen answer.

was the sullen answer.

"Differed, then. My question was,
what about?"

"I decline to say."

"I think that is all, Mr. Cunning-

ham. The wrinkled little juryman leaned forward and piped his question again. "Was your uncle engaged to be mar-

ried at the time of his death "
The startled eyes of Jack Cunningham leaped to the little man. There was in them dismay, almost panic. Then, swiftly, he recovered and drawled insolently. "I try to mind my own business. Do you?"

"When was the last time you saw the deceased alive?"

"About 3 o'clock on the day but that of his death."

"Anything occur at that time throwing any light on what subsequently courred?"

"The Coroner asserted himself, "Here, here, none of that! Order in this here. If you please, gentlemen." He hust'ed in the stories, turning to the attorney. "Through with Mr. Cunningham, Johns? If so, we'll push

"Quite." The prosecuting attorney consulted a list in front of him. "Cass

jury has a question he would like to was a porpolee of a man. His eyes ask. was as though he were looking for a

To be continued tomorrow

Read Your Character By Digby Phillips

previous articles. It has also been ex-plained that the shape and texture of the hand tells much of the individual's otional tendencies.

But there is still another indication.

The hand of violence, quite poetically, seen him throw downstairs a fat man vith whom he had been scuffling. Shown Hull, he identified him as the man.

"Had you ever had any trouble with your uncle" Johns asked him.

"You may dealther the second of the "You may decline to answer if you ish," the Coroner told the witness. Young Cunningham hesitated. "No-o. Wills and sense of justice. Again, it should be understood that the reference with the coroner told the witness. "No-o. What do you mean by trouble?" "Had he ever threatened to cut you dened by work or exposure to the weather, but to those which naturally

are red. Those who have red hands have an overabundant supply of blood. Physi-"He thought I was extravagant and cally they are excessively vigorous. "The best." wild—wanted me to buckle down to Temperamentally they are excessively vigorous.
"Had he ever suggested to you that business more." clined to be extreme, radical, tempestu-ous and violent, in contrast with those "I'm with a bond house McCabe, who have white hands, and who are cold, unsympathetic and often selfish "During the last few months have and egotistical.

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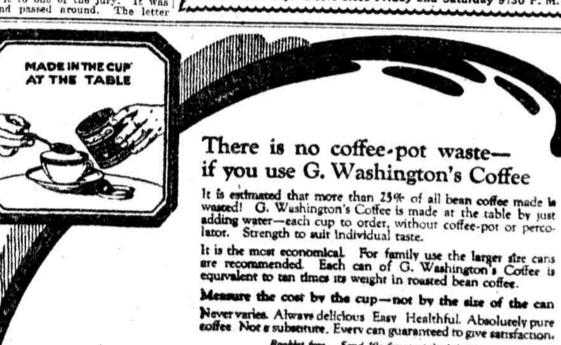
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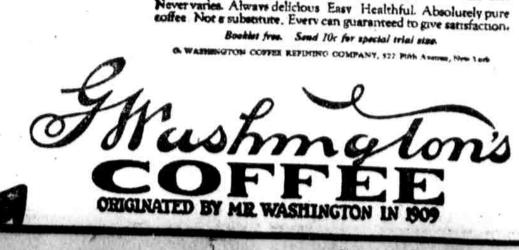
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